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# Dennis The MENACE

No. 23

10c



Special Award Winner  
**DENNIS THE MENACE**

The Best Comic Magazine of  
1958 for its wholesome interest  
and entertainment value

Boys Club of America  
National Award Winner of the Year

# Dennis THE MENACE



"WEY CAN'T I TAKE IT? WHEE IF THE CAR BRINGS DOWN?"



"THE COULD LITTLE AND FRODY 'SAY WATCH A PROGRAM CALLED SON-TATUM."



"... SIXTY-FOUR, SIXTY-FIVE, SIXTY-SIX....."



"GEE WEE! THE COODIE JAR IS CLEAN EMPTY AND YOU JUST SIT THERE!"

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# DENNIS the BOOKWORM

Once I  
start a  
book, I  
can't lay  
it down  
till I  
**FINISH**  
it!



**HUH?**  
This IS  
Mister  
Mitchell!

Give  
me  
that,  
Dennis!



Oh, hello, boss!  
What's up?

I wear some  
of the pants  
in this family  
too, y'know?



LOOK FOR THIS SEAL WHEN YOU BUY A COMIC MAGAZINE.  
IT GUARANTEES QUALITY AND WHOLESOME ENTERTAINMENT.







Can't you read, Mister? Keep that kid off the horn, or I'll give you a ticket!

TELL HIM OFF, DAD!

Er... sorry, officer! I'll take him into the library with me!



QUIET ZONE

Guess I won, huh?

As usual... as usual!



Now, what was it you wanted, sir?

The Index of Industrial Design, please!



Here you are, sir!

Thanks a lot! Come along, Dennis!



Hi, lady! Need any help?

No, thanks, sorry. I can...



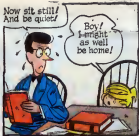
You're too SLOW!

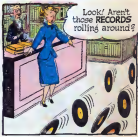
COME BACK HERE!

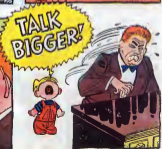














# Meanwhile... Back at the Ranch.



# CEASE FIRING!



I've seen lots of *REAL* cowboys in rodeos. Here... let me have your tops.

That's my lassooooo!

Look... here's one of their tricks! They make a big loop and...

ATTABOY, DAD!

WOW!

...then they jump in it and...

Is that a *TRICK*?

*YOU* couldn't do it!

Heh, heh! Then in the rodeos they see who can hog-tie a calf the fastest!

*HOG*-tie a *CALF*!

He could mean a *PIG*!

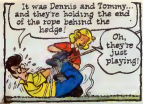
They chase the calf on horseback...

A *CALF* can't ride a *HORSE*!

*MY DAD* OUGHTA KNOW!









"A w, o'mon, Mom!" Jerry Parrish begged. "Let me go with Dad tonight, huh? Please!"

Mrs. Parrish, wiping the dinner dishes, was firm. "No, Jerry! I don't mind your riding with your father on short trips, but this is an overnight drive, and..."

"That's just why I want to go!" Jerry said excitedly. "I've never driven with Dad at night and I want to see how he does it! Gosh, I don't have to be in school 'til Monday and if I'm gonna be in the trucking business when I grow up, I ought to know..."

"We want you to be more than a truck driver when you grow up," his mother said sternly. "Now, please stop talking about it!"

But she couldn't stop Jerry from thinking about the big Diesel trailer rig his father owned and drove. Some day, Jerry thought — he knew—he was going to own a whole fleet of the huge trucks, hauling goods all over the country. He read every trucking magazine his father brought home and everything in the newspapers about the vast truck transportation business.

"Well, can I go down to the warehouse and see him off?" he asked. "There's nothing wrong with that, is there?"

Mrs. Parrish smiled. "Of course not, Jerry. Run right along, but don't forget your slacker and rubbers. It's very stormy tonight."

Almost before she finished talking, Jerry was into his rain things and out of the house, running through the downpour toward the warehouse where his father's truck was being loaded for the overnight run north.

In the warehouse, his father's huge truck stood at the open driveway doors, its powerful motor idling softly, the door of the big cab open. Jerry looked around, and saw his father near the tail gate, checking the list of his load with the loading men. Suddenly, without think-

ing about it, Jerry clambered up the steps into the cab, over the seat, and into the bunk behind it, where he crawled under a blanket.

He just had to go along with his father on a night run, to see what it was like. His mother couldn't seem to understand how much it meant to him. And anyhow, he'd be with his father, and they could telephone back home from the first stop.

The door of the cab slammed, the Diesel engine roared with the power of 300 horses and Jerry was bumped from side to side in his hiding place as the truck went down the driveway and turned, heading for the truck route through the city. Slowly the noise of the city traffic around them diminished; the sound of the huge tires worked up to a high whine and Jerry knew they were on the highway at last. He threw off the blanket and said happily, "Hi, Dad!"

His father whirled, one hand on the wheel, the other gripping the heavy wrench that always rode beside him. "Jerry! I thought you were a hijacker! Come down here!"

As Jerry climbed down, his father turned to watch the road and said sternly, "Does your mother know you've come with me?"

"Well, no, Dad," Jerry said. "I thought we could telephone her, so she won't worry. But I just had to come along with you, to see what an overnight run is like!"

"You could pick tonight!" his father said grumpy. "Haven't you heard what this rain is doing to the roads and bridges? It's going to be tough to get through, too tough to be taking care of you. And this load has to go through, so I can't turn around and take you back!"

"Gosh, Dad, I didn't know the roads were so bad, but I won't be any trouble, honest!"

His father's stern face softened as he glanced at Jerry sideways. "You're really sold

on this trucking business, aren't you? Well, so am I, but maybe after tonight you'll decide on a job where you can just sit behind a desk."

At the first gas station, Mr. Parrish jumped out and hurriedly telephoned home. Then they were on their way again. As the big truck roared through the stormy night, Jerry's father flicked on the radio.

"... heavy rains continue in the northern part of the State," the announcer was saying. "The State River is at flood stage and the Highway 46 bridge may go out at any moment. . . Highway 26 is flooded at Dove City . . . slides have closed Highway 42 south of Esperanza. . ."

Jerry's father switched off the set and glanced at him. "See what we're up against? I think I have a good route laid out, but in this weather you can't tell what might happen."

Hour after hour, Jerry began to realize more and more what the trucking business was really like, as his father wrestled the big wheel, shifted up and down through the many gears, skillfully guiding the monster vehicle through the downpour. But through it all, Jerry still didn't change his mind. Some day he'd own lots of trucks like this — dozens, maybe hundreds. . .

Rounding a turn, red lights suddenly flashed ahead of them and Jerry's father applied the hissing air brakes. A sign, ROAD CLOSED, blocked the road. A State Trooper left his car and walked up to the cab, rain screaming from his stiff-brimmed Stetson and down his slanting rubber poncho. "Can't get through this underpass. Turn back!" he ordered.

Jerry's father pulled his leading papers from his pocket. "This is Government stuff—high priority! I've got to get through!"

The Trooper glanced through the papers. "You're right, but there's six feet of water in that underpass. You'd drown your motor. Tell you what, the County road back there would take you around, but there's an underpass that. . ."

"Never mind, Trooper! We'll make it!" his father called. And as he swung the wheel in the ticklish job of turning the huge truck around on the highway, Jerry's heart swelled with pride. His father had said we'll make it—he and Jerry!

The County road was a narrow, twisting blacktop, treacherously slippery, but Jerry's father drove it with deft awareness. They would make it, Jerry knew! Then the truck began to slow down. "What's wrong, Dad?" he asked, peering through the streaming windshield.

"That Trooper started to say something about an underpass and this is it!"

"There's not much water in it, Dad!" Jerry said. "We can make it!"

"But look at that sign up there!" his father pointed. "The clearance through it is 12 feet, six inches and we stand 12 feet, eight inches high! We can't make it! We can't get through!"

"Isn't there some other way around, Dad?" Jerry asked anxiously.

"No! According to the radio reports, this road is our only chance. We've stuck and just because we're only two inches too high!"

"But it's not your fault, Dad!" Jerry said. "The rain kept us from. . ."

"The Government won't take that for an excuse. This stuff is badly needed. I've been trying for a long time to get a Government hauling contract and if I can't deliver the goods this time, do you think they'll try me again?"

"Wait a minute, Dad!" Jerry said excitedly. "The Government . . . and hauling stuff they need! Don't you remember the story about the truckload of ammunition that was stuck during the War and the driver. . ."

Jerry's father stared at him. Then he laughed. "Now I do! Come on, son, let's go!"

Half an hour later, the big rig rolled into a filling station, and Jerry and his father got out. "How's the road to Victory City?" Mr. Parrish asked the attendant. "Still passable?"

"Sure, it's high ground all the way. You'll. . ." Then the man stopped, and stared at the truck. "Boy, what happened to all your tires?"

"That's why we're here," Jerry's father grinned. "To have you blow 'em up. And that's the only reason we made it here," he added, patting Jerry on the shoulder. "My boy here is going to be a tracker when he grows up. If he still wants to and he'll be a good one. He remembered that old trick about the tires. You know that underpass down the road, with the 12 foot, six inch clearance. Well, we stand 12 feet, eight inches high, and we just had to get through, so we let most of the air out of the tires!"



# Punky





Would you mind? I just want a bag of peanuts and my little boy is waiting!

I'm sorry! I had to wait in line!

End of the line, lady!

Wow! Boy! those hot dogs smell good! I'm starved!



Hi, sorry! I'll just tie these here so no wise guy in the line over there pops 'em... okay?

XYP!



Don't fly away with 'em, now! Hah, hah!

FTAW!



FTAW!



FTAW!





# THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT "







... DELIVERING GROCERIES ...



... MOVING LUMBS ...



A WEE BIT LATER...

**DENNIS!**  
IF YOU'RE GETTING  
SOME OF MY NECKTIES  
TO SELL...

No...  
I got a  
better  
idea!

Here y'are, Dad!  
Put in eleven-teen  
cents!

Huh?  
You  
said  
you  
were  
going  
to  
**WORK!**

**I AM!**  
I'm workin'  
like the man  
at the bank  
who takes your  
money!

Hmm  
Why  
do I  
try?

Okay...  
There  
you  
are.

Thanks, Dad!  
Now can I have  
eleven-teen  
cookies, huh?

**YOU JUST HAD  
SOME COOKIES!**  
Is that all you  
think about?

**HECK,  
NO!**  
There's root beer...  
'n candy...  
'n ice cream...

Too much of that stuff's  
not good for you! Don't  
you want to grow up to  
be big and strong?

No! I  
wanna  
be like  
**YOU,**  
Dad!



OR YOU MIGHT BE IN THE NAVY...



...YOU'LL PROBABLY GET MARRIED...



...AND HAVE CHILDREN OF YOUR OWN...



...SO IF YOU EAT LESS COOKIES  
AND MORE VEGETABLES...



END

# The BIG BUILD-UP





Remember what the teacher said. He'll be less trouble if we co-operate with him!

CO-OPERATE!

Yeah! whatever that is!



Okay, pal... where are you building this club house?

In that empty lot down the street!



Well, let's see... is it going to be a ranch type, or a Cape Cod, or a split level!...

It's gonna be a **CLUB HOUSE**



Are ya really gonna help us build it, Dad?

**SURE!** I'm pretty handy with tools y'know.

That's sweet of you, Henry.



I'm glad to see you co-operating with him, dear.

Well, it's not entirely *that*...



...I want to be sure they don't wreck my tools

Looks like all the kids in the neighborhood are working on this!

Watch me saw off this rafter!

Yeah...but you're the only big people!

MORE NAILS!

Bring the hole maker!

This's a stud...I think!

The nails are almost all gone!











I thought that was the door.

It is... but we found it here, an' maybe...



OH, NO!



Look.. the kids can't read, and..

**You** can, Mister!



I tell you the kids started this! I just came along to help them!

YEAH.. **TOUGH GUY!**

Well.. Okay, **HOW** you can help them tear it down!

O! Grouch!



We've got to knock it down, kids!

This is more fun than buildin' it!

Yeah!

YIPPEE!



Maybe we can build a club house in our back yard, huh, Dad?

Maybe.. but leave **ME** out of it! I already belong to a Club!



What's the name of your club, Dad?

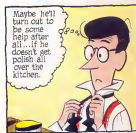
The **LIVE AND LEARN CLUB**. All parents belong to it!

END

READY AND *ABLE*  
TO GROW UP



**BOYS' CLUBS OF AMERICA**





# The Dennis Project

DENNIS THE MENACE # 23

July 1957 • Standard / Pines

"DENNIS THE BOOKWORM" 10 PAGES

"MEANWHILE...BACK AT THE RANCH" 5 PAGES

"ROAD CLOSED" (TEXT STORY) 4 PAGES  
WRITER UNKNOWN

"PLUNKY" 10 PAGES

"THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT" 5 PAGES

"THE BIG BUILD UP" 4 PAGES

STORY AND ART FOR THE ENTIRE ISSUE BY THE  
LEGENDARY FRED TOOLE AND AL BRIDGEMAN

36 Scans Total - Over to Over COMPLETE

HaCsa  
Presents

... ANOTHER ESCAPE SCAN  
FROM MEMBER SINCE DAY ONE!

